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W. R. HEARST.

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GREECE ANSWERS THE POWERS.

The ultimatum of the powers demanded the withdrawal of the Greek war ships and troops from Crete, and offered autonomy to the island under such limitations as might be finally agreed on. To this the Greek Government answered yesterday in a concilitary yet dignified tone. The recall of the fleet was assented to, but it was urged that the departure of the Greek detachment of soldiers was impracticable, as it would leave the Cretan Christians liable to abuse and massacre, and that the fiercest flames of hatred would at once be kindled by the absence of a competent gendarmerie. But Greece offers to place her troops under the control of the powers for the preservation of order. As to the question of autonomy under the suzerainty of Turkey, it is suggested that the Cretans be allowed to decide for themselves as to whether they shall be annexed to the Hellenic kingdom or remain nominal subjects of the Porte.

This sagacious reply leaves the way open for further negotiation on a basis where the parties in interest can fairly meet. The Greek Government is reasonably certain what the result of a plebiscite on the island would be, for the Greeks greatly outnumber the Moslems. As a measure of naked justice and equity in meeting the question, it is above criticism. It is urged that autonomy under Turkey would not pacify Crete, but infallibly add another chapter of horrors to those which have been recurrent for the last fifty years.

This concession to the interests of peace in Europe can scarcely be set down as a retreat. It places the claims of the Greeks on a solid foundation, and will further kindle the already cordial sympathy of all liberal and freedom loving minds in Europe. There is reason to believe that the Turkish Government itself would welcome this solution, even if it entered a feeble protest to save its dignity. The statesmen who surround the Porte can scarcely be ignorant that whatever the nominal results of a war, it would hasten the destruction of the Turkish Empire.

The general tone of European comment applauds the answer of the Hellenic Government, and points to a peaceful settlement on lines not widely divergent from those suggested by the Athens Cabinet. The tremendous reasons for accepting some such basis of settlement are such that the powers will have but little excuse for disregarding them. It saves their self-love and averts a general catastrophe, which all profess to regard with consternation. The world will wait with strained attention for the next move. If exactions should be made of the gallant Hellenes which they cannot accept, the onus will lie with the six great powers, who will have had it in their hands to make an upright adjustment, and yet preferred to plunge Southeastern Europe into a savage and merciless conflict.

THE BIMETALLIC COMMISSION.

It is greatly to be hoped that the report, now widely current, that Comptroller Eckels is to be appointed a special commissioner of the United States to arrange for the proposed International Bimetallic Conference is incorrect. Mr. Eckels is one of the most extreme advocates of the single gold standard, and—remembering his youth—it is not unfair to say that he is not the best equipped defender of even the position which he holds. We do not recall that he figured in the Brussels Conference, or, indeed, that he has any actual acquaintance with European financiers, whether they be monometallists or bimetallists.

All this, however, might be ignored but for the fact that Mr. Eckels has, wisely or unwisely, so identified himself with the banks and the political anti-bimetallic forces that his commission to arrange an international bimetallic conference would, in a great part of the country, be regarded as proof positive that the conference was intended for a delusion and a snare.

We don't thoroughly believe that President McKinley intends to create any such impression.

SOME DOUBTFUL DIPLOMACY.

If the extracts from Senor Dupuy de Lome's book, sent from Madrid, are correct, that eminent Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States ought to become persona non-grata to the State Department at Washington, as he is already—because of his relentless grip upon Cuba—to the American people.

It appears that Senor de Lome finds our custom officers venal, and bribed one with a box of cigars. Our public men invariably rob the country when they have a chance, and are, in short, "an innumerable lot of jobbers and bribers, well dressed thieves and despicable publicans." Our women—well, the innuendoes of the E. E. and M. P. on this point may well be omitted. Our chances for national existence are but slight. State rivalries and taxpayers' revolts against "an army which does not exist; a navy the condition of whose vessels is such that none of them would be able to return to the United States from a trip to China," will disrupt us. If there is any health in us, the diplomat who was ex-Secretary Olney's dearest friend can't discover it.

We cannot blame De Lome for his estimate of the people of the United States. If the Cleveland Administration spoke for the people, we are indeed a nation of ignoble mercenaries. But is it not possible that President McKinley might dismiss this assailant of American patriotism, even though it then become necessary to prove that our army does exist and our navy can fight?

GROWING TYRANNY OF THE POLICE.

Magistrate Cornell's reported opinion that Captain Chapman's raid on the Newmarket dance hall was an "outrage" is justified by the facts in the case. The Magistrate issued a warrant for the arrest not only of the proprietor but also of "all disorderly persons" found in the house. So far as can be learned, he had no authority of law to authorize the arrest of anybody but the proprietor and his employes, unless other persons should be detected in violation of law. As there is no pretence that the men and women who had paid for admittance to the Newmarket were violating any law, the arrest and detention of them over night in jail may properly be called outrageous. But for the outrage Magistrate Cornell, not Captain Chapman, is directly responsible.

But, on the other hand, Cornell issued the warrant at Chapman's solicitation, and Chapman was exclusively interested in procuring it. This vain and notoriety-seeking policeman wanted to restore his name to the newspaper columns, from which it had remained away since the close of the Seeley affair. Probably he also itched to exercise his power again, for it is a general trait of human nature that a taste of absolute authority creates an insatiable appetite for it. There is every reason to believe that if he had any desire to purify his precinct by this proceeding, it was secondary and dim. The watchdog who has bitten a burglar thenceforward makes no dental distinction between crime and virtue. The roundsman who has once clubbed a pickpocket into insensibility never afterward has full control of his right arm.

Aside from all this, however, and aside from the question whether the moral effect of the raid is beneficial or otherwise, the incident confirms the pretty general opinion that the growing tendency of police authority in this city toward tyranny needs to be brought up with a sharp turn. The case of Mr. Gribagedoff, the well-known artist, who was locked up in a cell all night because he resented insulting language uttered by an ignorant brute of a policeman; the case of the two young women who, having committed the heinous crime of responding on the street to remarks from disguised police, were arrested and kept in jail till morning, and now the illegal and unjustifiable treatment of the Newmarket spectators—all these are significant of a dangerous encroachment by the police upon private rights. Unless the indiscreetly ambitious Chapman and his kind stop at this point they are bound to get into very serious trouble before long.

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

A certain value attaches to the protest of a correspondent of the Evening Post against the distinctively partisan character of the ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of a President of the United States. Under ideal conditions—and the ideal in this case is not hard to attain—the incoming President would be regarded as the President of all the people, even of those who voted against him. Under ideal conditions a Democrat, a Populist or a Republican might stand in the throng on Pennsylvania avenue at any inaugural without having it forced upon him that he was contributing to the triumph of a political adversary, instead of doing honor to the Chief Executive of the United States.

The Post's correspondent lays stress upon the mortification which the retiring President is likely to suffer in listening to the inaugural address of the newcomer. If it is a change of parties as well as of Presidents, the incoming official is sure to condemn the policy of his predecessor and to promise great improvement upon it. The ex-President criticised must sit and listen to it all. But more than this. The crowd, being wholly partisan, gathered to do honor to the rising, not the setting, sun, is not chary of jeers at the expense of the retiring President. Shouts of "What do you think of that, Grover?" "Give it to him, McKinley!" could scarcely have contributed to the equanimity of Mr. Cleveland as he listened to the address of his successor.

Probably this evil can never be corrected wholly. Probably the party that won always will conduct the inauguration, and the members of the party which lost will either stay away or suffer insult and ignominy if they attend. The Evening Post's remedy for the evil existing is to increase the glory and the spectacular effect of the inauguration ceremonies by bringing the Governors of all the States, with their staffs, whatever their politics, to join in the parade. Perhaps a better plan would be to drop the pomp and ceremony altogether, abandon the parade, give up the inaugural ball, and let the President of the United States be inaugurated without fuss or feathers. If there is to be an imposing ceremony, a scene of great jollification, it may be accepted as a fact that only the party which supported the President will join in it.

THE ELLSWORTH BILL.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Platt is fool enough to pass the Ellsworth bill, which would prevent the newspapers from printing portraits and cartoons. But there are signs that Platt has made up his mind to pass it, and that Black, by virtue of his power of attorney for Platt, will sign it. In that case, of course, the newspapers will be inconvenienced, and the public will be deprived of a vast amount of pleasure and instruction.

But inconvenience and deprivation will be only temporary. The next Legislature will repeal the law, and matters will stand as they stand now, so far as the newspapers and the public are concerned. But so far as Platt and the Republican machine are concerned, matters will not stand as they stand now. Platt may have forgotten that he is not able to prevent the newspapers from using words. He may reason from his success in landing Lou Payn in a State office that the newspapers have lost some of their influence.

Tweed had about those ideas, for a while.

THE PANAMA AND THE NICARAGUA CANALS.

The resumption of work on the Panama ditch, which for about eight years has been going to ruin, looks to be a serious threat against the ultimate success of the Nicaraguan enterprise. A recent report of eminent engineers, far more cautious than those reckless scientists who followed the lead of Count de Lesseps, has pronounced the Panama scheme practicable, and under a conservative administration, which has succeeded in raising money, the work is progressing. A portion of the funds, indeed, has been wrung from the robbers who fattened on the rashness and imbecility of the erstwhile uncrowned King of France.

It is safe to assume that there is not room for two American international waterways. That which proceeds rapidly and vigorously toward completion will almost surely kill the prospects of the other. Capitalists will not invest great sums of money in a project of this colossal character where competition is inevitable. The present prospect of the Nicaraguan Canal, with its business complications and the governmental chill which has paralyzed its supporters, offers the greatest encouragement to the Frenchmen, who seem to be in earnest. If the next year passes without some decidedly favorable action being taken by the American Congress, it may be regarded as a foregone conclusion that the Nicaraguan Canal will remain a dream never to be materialized. The French Government in deciding to invest in the enterprise, should it come to this, need not feel it necessary to withdraw its aid, as it did in 1888, when it yielded to a joint resolution of Congress which declared that it was against the interests of the United States that a foreign power should control the Panama Canal. Congress will have forfeited its right to so bold and patriotic an utterance.

Young Mr. Sewall has placed a value on his opposition to his father's candidacy of last year. He thinks the Ministry to Hawaii would fully recompense him for his services to the Republican cause. Mr. Sewall appears to be a very cold-blooded young man.

An organ of the late Administration makes so bold as to assert that Mr. Cleveland lost considerable money during his occupancy of the White House, as he was compelled to neglect his law practice and other private business enterprises. This is really too bad.

Announcement is made of a 10 per cent reduction in the wages of the employes of the National Tube Works at McKeesport, Pa. This is the second reduction these employes have suffered since last year, when they turned out and paraded for prosperity.

President McKinley has given an unqualified indorsement to the anti-lynching plank of his platform. It will be interesting to know just how he expects to force the States to prevent this impromptu mode of punishing revolting crimes.

Captain Chapman makes quite a distinction between a Tenderloin raid and a Seeley dinner interruption. The Tenderloin function is brought to a close and the participants who are unable to furnish bail locked up for the night.

The men at Mr. Mark Hanna's ship yard have about won their strike. Mr. Hanna could not afford to have a strike in his ship yard and a strike in the United States Senate in progress at the same time.

A Moment with the Chappies.

Stanford White, "Jimmie" Breese and "Dickie" Peters are the chappies most conspicuous in the management of the Ice Carnival that is to be given in the St. Nicholas Skating rink next Thursday night.

This trio has about as much push to it when there is a dollar in sight as may be found in any other combination in all dudedom.

It is artistic, too. White is an architect, Breese is a photographer and Peters—well, I don't know what Peters's specialty is, but he is generally credited with being artistic.

In their latest commercial project, for that is what the Ice Carnival really is, Messrs. White, Breese and Peters have the association and assistance of Erskine Hewitt, Ed. Crowninshield, Charles Burnham and George D. Phillips, who are likely to have some share in the probable profit.

An impression has got abroad that the Four Hundred is going to don fancy costumes, strap on its skates and glide for the edification of the herd that is expected to pay three dollars per capitum for the privilege of witnessing the unwonted spectacle.

Indeed, the uninitiated reader of the prospectus of the "carnival" would be justified in the conclusion that we were going to have the Bradley Martin ball on ice, as it were.

But we wont. Your chappisette might do that sort of thing for sweet charity's sake, but not for the sweet chappie's sake. She isn't in the show business for private gain.

But the "carnival" will be worth seeing for all that. There is to be extra music, a "grand entree of artists"—whatever that may mean—a vaudeville performance and skating in costume.

I hear that all the gentlemen I have mentioned are going to appear in grotesque and fantastic garb, and that some of the conceits as to the characters to be represented will suggest the "high-jinks" that have made "Jimmie" Breese's carbon studio famous.

Surely it will be worth anybody's three dollars to see Stanford White performing as a polar bear or "Dickie" Peters impersonating an Esquimau, or Breese, old blow, doing an act as a walrus.

It will be good fun for Lent and will give the gossips something else to do than to pick out unmarried sweethearts for married women as they laugh at the purblindness of married men.

An ice carnival after the season that has just ended is a happy idea. Its very contrast ought to insure its success.

Since the great hit made by his legs at the Bradley Martin ball and since his awful mistake of wearing his Bradley Martin ball costume into the Garden Theatre instead of the place where he was to pose in the Bradley Martin ball tableaux, the other chappies are calling him "Harriet Lehr."

Can green-eyed envy go further than this?

As a rule chappiedom doesn't care a rap about politics. It is nothing to us whether a man is a Republican or a Democrat as long as his dinners are good and his dances are select.

Bill Whitney and Cal Brice and Perry Belmont are quite as popular as Pierpont Morgan and Cornelius Vanderbilt and Jack Astor.

In the paradise of plutocracy republicanism and democracy are only the intermingling shades of a distinction without a difference.

That is why the chappies are universally disappointed at the decision of President McKinley not to send Dr. Chauncey Depew to the Court of St. James.

It's too bad. Chauncey as our Ambassador to Great Britain would have been a corker. The English would have loved him for the stories he would have told, and peace would have slept secure in the warmth of his expansive smile.

An afternoon contemporary is responsible for the following important information:

Mr. Edward Boltwood, of Pittsfield, Mass., is in town for a few days. Mr. Boltwood is a graduate of Yale and the author of a number of clever burlesques, which were produced at college a few years ago.

This is interesting from a literary as well as a society standpoint. For years Yale has suffered from the charge that its brain has been dwarfed by its brawn and that it is really a school of athleticism rather than of letters.

In the light of Mr. Boltwood's achievements that charge can be sustained no longer.

The Yale Alumni Association of New York should do something to show its appreciation of Mr. Boltwood's presence in town.

Miss Fanny Theodora Bland Pryor has held the admiration and esteem of this community to such an extent that any reference to Mr. William de Leftwich Dodge, the gentleman who has been so fortunate as to win her heart and the promise of her hand, commands interest.

We are pleased, therefore, to learn that Mr. De Leftwich Dodge "comes of proud old American stock," that his pictures were "accepted in the Parisian Salon" when he was twenty-one years old (eleven years ago), and that "he has since had the satisfaction of adding to his fame by using his brush at the Columbian Exhibition and on our new Congressional Library in Washington."

Mr. De Leftwich Dodge's laudatory antenuptial biographer neglects to state whether it was inside or outside that Mr. Dodge's brush was used "on our new Congressional Library in Washington," but that is immaterial, I suppose, as long as it enhanced his fame.

Miss Pryor and Mr. Dodge are to be congratulated. They will wed on March 31, spend the first days of their honeymoon in Saratoga, sail for Italy and return to Paris in time for the May Salon.

"Jack" Follansbee is one of the most thoroughly liked of all the chappies that take an active interest in horse racing.

His modesty, no less than his thorough gameness, has won him countless friends who will be pleased to know that he has had considerable success on the California turf this Winter and that he will race in the East next Summer.

I hear that he has a rattling good two-year-old by Morello, out of Snowdrop, and that he entertains great hopes of the animal.

Every chappie that knows Follansbee or has watched his turf career will "root" that he may not be disappointed, for to a man like him no possession could be more highly prized than a first-class race horse.

CHOLEY KNICKERBOCKER.

A Live Language.

[St. Louis Republic.]

Correspondent Creelman's news of the defiant words of King George in reply to the ultimatum of the powers shows that Greek is anything but a dead language when historic occasion demands vitality.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....In Old Kentucky	Koster & Bial's.....Vaudeville
American Theatre.....At Piney Ridge	Knickerbocker Theatre.....Spiritisms
Bijou.....Courted Into Court	Lyceum Theatre.....The Mayflower
Broadway Theatre.....El Capitan	Metropolitan Opera House.....Grand Opera
Columbus Theatre.....Trilby	Murray Hill.....The Star Gazer
Casino.....La Falote	Olympia—Music Hall, Vaudeville, 8:15 P. M.; Winter Garden, Bal Champetre, 11 P. M.
Daly's.....The Magistrate	People's Theatre.....A Boy Wanted
Empire.....Under the Red Robe	Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.
Fifth Ave. Theatre..Tes of the d'Urbervilles	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Grand Opera House.....Jim the Penman	Star Theatre...The Great Diamond Robbery
Garrick Theatre.....Never Again	Third Avenue Theatre.....Vaudeville
Garden Theatre.....Heartsease	Wallack's.....For Bonnie Prince Charlie
Hoyt's Theatre.....My Friend from India	Weber & Fields'.....Under the Red Globe
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Inniscarra
Harlem Opera House.....The Lady Slavey	
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville	
Keith's.....Continuous Performance	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Generally cloudy; probably light local showers and warmer temperature, southerly winds.

IT STUMPED HIM.

The landlord of the tavern at Geeville was all alone the first time I entered that unique hostelry, one cold day in December. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, he said:

"Josh Emberly's found his bar'l."

"Didn't know he had lost one," I said.

"Night before New Year's," said the landlord. "Cold day."

"It is, indeed," I replied.

The landlord took his pipe from his mouth, stared at me a moment, and said:

"Day before New Year's, I mean."

"Oh!" said I. "Was it?"

"Desper't cold!" replied the landlord. "Too cold for hog killin', so Josh Emberly put his'n off. Josh had his bar'l all ready, though, to pack his pork in. Got it o' me. Powerful proper bar'l. Hated like p'ison to let him hev it. Wanted it myself. But Josh he hung on fer me to sell him the bar'l. Funny Josh never told ye 'bout the bar'l!"

"I think not," said I. "I never saw Mr. Emberly."

"Josh aint pooty sociable, that's so," continued the landlord. "Never did like company. Mowt ez well show hisself to ye fust ez last, though. Josh he hung on an' he hung on fer me to sell him the bar'l, an' durned if I didn't let him have it fer twenty shill'n. But I'd a thunk that the ol' woman'd a tol' ye 'bout that bar'l, anyhow."

"What old woman?" I asked.

"What old woman?" I asked.

"Josh Emberly's ol' woman, S'manthy Ann," replied the landlord.

"I never met her, either," said I.

"Bashfullest woman I ever see. S'manthy Ann is," said the landlord. "She'll git over it with ye, though. Josh took the bar'l home. Was goin' to hog-kill day before New Year's. Too desper't cold. Put it off. Thought mebbe it mowt be all right New Year's Day. Couldn't ben a properer day for hog killin' than New Year's Day turned out. Seen it soon ez I got up in the mornin'.

"'Jane,' says I to my ol' woman, 'Providence don't seem to be holdin' no grudges ag'in Josh Emberly,' says I.

"'Taint fer you to jedge o' that, David,' says Jane.

"'Couldn't be a hog-killiner day than this 'un, could tha?' says I.

"'Tha's them that haint got no hogs to kill,' says Jane.

"'Jane,' says I, 'stick to the pint! Couldn't be a hog-killiner day than this un, could tha?' says I.

"Stumped her.

"Jupiter, my pork bar'l!" says Josh.

"'David,' says she, 'a hog-killiner day than this un I never see,' says she.

"'Moon is right fer hog-killin', too, says I. 'Pork wont shrink in the bar'l when it's killed this time o' the moon,' says I.

"'Yes,' says Jane, 'but here's hair-cuttin',' says she. 'S'posin' tha's folks that wants their hair cut?' says she. 'Can't get it cut this time o' the moon,' says she. 'Hair'd grow faster an' stubborner than pig weed, cut this time o' the moon, David,' says she. 'Do you mean to say ez Providence is smilin' on the hog-killers an' frownin' on folks ez wants their hair cut?' says she.

"'Look at his bar'l!' says I. 'Couldn't hev a properer bar'l to pack pork in than that bar'l he got o' me, could he?' says I.

"'You mowt a had twenty-two shill'n fer that bar'l,' says she.

"'Jane,' says I, 'stick to the p'int! 'Couldn't hev a properer bar'l to pack his pork in than that bar'l he got o' me, could he?' says I.

"'Settled, then,' says I. 'Settled that Providence don't seem to be holdin' no grudges ag'in Josh Emberly,' says I.

"Spoke a leetle too suddent. Sot up fer a prophet a leetle ahead o' my time. Hadn't more'n eat my breakfast when in comes Josh Emberly. Lookin' flustery, too.

"'Mornin', Joshua,' says I.

"'David,' says he, 'they've hooked my bar'l!' says he.

"'Josh Emberly,' says I, 'not that identical bar'l?' says I.

"'Similar an' the same!' says he.

"'Josh Emberly,' says I. 'Who?'

"'Dunno,' says he. 'They've hooked it. Rolled it outen my dooryard. Can't find hide nor hair of it, David,' says he. 'Can't hog-kill to-day,' says he.

"'Joshua,' says Jane, 'don't wail,' says she. 'Member that if you can't hog-kill to-day tha's a heap more that can't haircut,' says she.

"'Jane,' says I, 'stick to the p'int! Bar'l's gone, aint it?' says I.

"Stumped her.

"'David,' says she, 'it looks that way.'

"Wa'n't no doubtin' it. Josh Emberly's bar'l had ben hooked. Hunted high an' hunted low fer it. No use. Couldn't strike its trail. Turned to an' sold his pork Foolish. Tol' him so. Orter hel' onter it. Yisterday Josh were over in Barley Run woods. Three miles from home. Seen sumpin' down in the bottom o' the holler. Went to look what it were.

"'Jupiter Graylegs!' says Josh. 'My pork bar'l!' says he.

"Put his foot on the bar'l. Sumpin' scrumbled an' grumbled inside of it. Then sumpin' tumbled outside of it. B'ar. Tremenjus big b'ar. It see Josh an' dug fer the woods. B'ar had stole Josh's bar'l. Rolled it three mile through the woods, an' made a Winterin' place outen it. Sing'lar an' queer that Betsy aint never tol' ye 'bout that bar'l."

I told the landlord that I didn't know any Betsy. He took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at me. At last he exclaimed:

"Aint you him?"

"Aint I who?" I asked.

"Feller from the county seat. Gointer marry Josh Emberly's darter Betsy," says he.

I was compelled to say that I was not that fortunate gentleman. The landlord got up and gave the fire a poke.

"Stumps me!" said he. "Git out, Ring!"

This was to the old hound asleep on the hearth. A kick went with it, and Ring never landed till he struck the opposite side of the room. But Josh Emberly had found his bar'l.

ED MOTT.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

"Such a time as I have had," sighed the young woman on the sofa.

"The cook is gone, of course," replied the visitor. "I knew how it would be when you told me that she had promised to remain until Summer."

"I settled myself comfortably in the waiting room"—

"The cook is still here," replied the young woman on the sofa, "but you remember that Fred went to Boston last week, don't you? Well"—

"Oh, is that it?" said the visitor. "Of course he telegraphed that he was delayed by important business. Pshaw! He can't come to much harm in Boston, unless he drinks so much green tea that his digestion is impaired."

"Nothing of the kind. He telegraphed that he would be at home on Thursday morning. It was the first time we had ever been separated since our marriage, and I decided to meet him at the station, but"—

"You went to the wrong one? Of course. Still, he knew that you intended to meet him, and"—

"No, he didn't. I meant to surprise him, so I telegraphed that I would have luncheon ready at home. Somehow, I reached the station an hour and a half too soon. I must have wound up my watch and forgotten to set it."

"I usually set mine and then forget to wind it," said the visitor. "But go on."

"I got a bag of chocolate creams and a novel and settled myself in the waiting room. But first I asked the man who calls the trains to let me know when the one from Boston arrived. Every time he came and shouted his announcements—not one word of which I understood—I smiled at him, so he wouldn't forget me. At last the pangs of hunger could no longer be silenced by chocolates, and I asked him if the train from Boston was late. What do you think he said?"

He waited in vain.

"Good gracious, I hope no accident has happened to it!"

"He told me calmly that it had come in an hour ago!"

"Mercy, and you couldn't even scold him as if he was your husband or"—

"I threatened to report him to the president of the road, then rushed out of the station and home. Fred had been there and gone off to his mother's in high dudgeon, because I was not home and no luncheon was ready. For, you see, I had decided that we would lunch together downtown at that lovely French place, but, of course, he didn't know that."

"Oh, well, of course, you followed him to his mother's and it was all"—

"Right? No, it wasn't. When I got there she said he had eaten his luncheon and gone home, expecting to find me. We must have passed each other on the way. Home again I went in hot haste, missing him by about five minutes, as an angry note on the parlor mantel informed me. He had gone to mamma's, hoping to find me there. Off I started to mamma's. On the way I met Effie, and it was quite a relief to stop and tell her all about it."

"Of course it was. And how glad you must have been to see Fred at last and"—

"But I didn't see him. He had gone on to Gertrude's, thinking I might be there. Mamma said I looked worn out, and made me take a cup of tea and do my hair. Meanwhile, we sent a note to Gertrude's telling him to meet me at mamma's. Gertrude sent the note back, saying that he had gone home or to the divorce court, she didn't exactly know which. When I got home again the cook said he hadn't been gone more than two minutes, and that his language was such that she would have left the house if he hadn't!"

"Oh, well, why didn't you just get up a lovely dinner and put on your prettiest gown, and"—

"I did; but half an hour after our usual dinner time came a note from mamma saying that Fred was there, for me to come too and dine with her. I went, but on the way, a wheel came off the cab and it took me an hour to get there, by that time dinner was over, and Fred had gone home to look for me."

"It took me an hour to get there."

"Of course, you followed and it was all right. What had he brought you from Boston?"

"I don't know. All I found was a ferociously polite note, saying that he would spend the night at his mother's, and that if I would kindly send my card to the office in the morning with the hours at which I would be at home written on it, he would be pleased to make his appearance there. Look here, Emily Marshmallow, if you laugh like that, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Literary Item.

[Washington Star.]

Mr. Weyler denies that he has any idea of resigning. It is another case of a man's being fascinated by a literary career.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

A London cablegram in Sunday's Journal told the strange story of a young girl who had two separate existences, changing from one to the other at irregular intervals. In one of these conditions she was unable to recollect anything that had occurred in the previous one, and would take up the thread of her life precisely where she had lost it at the moment of her last change. Her likes and dislikes in one state were totally different from those in the other. The Journal article spoke of her as a "girl Jekyll and Hyde," but it would be much nearer the truth to speak of her as a "girl Archibald Malmaison," because of a novel of that name which was founded on a case precisely like her own.

This story was written by Julian Hawthorne years before the publication of Jekyll and Hyde, and although it is really a stronger and more brilliant piece of work than Stevenson's, it attracted very little attention. The hero of this novel changed every seven years, and the most tragic chapter in the book is that which tells of his elopement with the woman he loved, of his conducting her to the secret chambers which he had prepared for her use, of his locking the door behind him and then passing in a second into his other identity. Seven years afterward, standing almost on the same spot, he changes again, and crying joyfully, "Now for my bride," throws back the rusty bolt of the door and finds himself alone with the skeleton clothed with yellow and mouldy silk and lace. Long ago Mr. Hawthorne considered seriously the possibility of putting his story into dramatic form, and in view of the success of other recently dramatized novels he may undertake the work. The story was suggested to him by the case of a young girl of Meadville, Pa., who was afflicted in the same way as the London one.

"With all the trouble experienced inducing cooks to remain either in the city or the country not one in two hundred is worth her victuals," said the billous looking commuter on the Jersey ferry-boat. "We're living on canned goods and coffee now, and expect to until I can get a house in the same block with a restaurant."

The commuter sighed and swallowed four small white liver pills taken from a bottle in his pocket.

"I've had two cooks at my house in the past month," he went on, "and we are still suffering from the effects. The first was a fat girl from Great Neck, L. I., who had references from half the leading families in the place. She said she could cook anything, and I believe her. I took the girl home from an employment office one night. The next morning she started the fire with kerosene and boiled a potful of that patent kindling wood, made of sawdust and resin, for breakfast. My wife did the cooking until I found another girl."

"And what did she do?" asked the dyspeptic with the muffler around his neck.

"Wait till I tell you. I carried home a small Hubbard squash the night I found this girl, and my wife told her to bake the vegetable for breakfast. Next morning we were awakened by a frightful odor. Oh, it was awful. My wife fainted and I nearly died getting down to the kitchen. What do you think? That dizzy cook had placed a whole Edam cheese in the oven and the thing had melted and flooded the room till the kitchen resembled a mammoth Welsh rarebit. The house is still being fumigated, and we haven't had a caller in two weeks."

In a short time Edward Harrigan will essay a week's engagement at the Murray Hill Theatre in one of his old-time successes, and it will be interesting to see whether New Yorkers will rally to the support of a man who has furnished them with more genuine original New York humor and awakened more bursts of spontaneous laughter than any one of his day and generation. The rise, progress, decadence and final fall of Harrigan occupied a period of less than twenty years, and it cannot be denied that his work during the busy and prosperous period of his career was artistic, wholesome and thoroughly true to nature. Never in the history of the New York stage have playgoers looked upon such a group of local and easily recognizable types as those that were impersonated in the old "Mulligan Guards" farces by Tony Hart, John Wild, Billy Gray, Mike Bradley, Mrs. Yeamans, Harry Fisher and a dozen more, including Harrigan himself, whose Dan Mulligan was certainly a true Yorkish type well conceived and well played. The whole company was recruited from what has always been the fountain head of American dramatic humor, the variety stage. And in gathering these people about him and providing them all with suitable parts Harrigan displayed an extraordinary amount of skill. His subsequent decline and fall may be traced directly to the complaint which is always prevalent in literary and dramatic circles, that of the swelled head. He succeeded in persuading himself that the public cared for no one in his whole company except Mr. Harrigan, and it cost him a fortune to find out that he was wrong. On his return to the city which gave him his fame he will try to gather about him some of the old members of his company, and surely there is not one of us who will not wish him success if only for the sake of old times.

HELLAS.

Now o'er the blue Aegean Sea
No Triton horn is breathing,
Where Aphrodite rose care-free,
A smile her squab enwreathing.
Where Sappho used to hustle
From Marathon to Salamis,
And Phoebus sprung in golden bliss,
The Greeks are on their muscle.

To Crete the Grecian soldiers flock,
The war cloud's dark and murky,
And augurs that they'll shortly knock
The stuffing out of Turkey.
They'll shoot and slash and bat and plug
The Turk, and then with hemp'll
Suspend him like a Turkish rug
Before the ancient temple.

For Hellas goes the shout that's glad,
And widely it is reckoned
The Greeks will make it hot and sad
For Abdul Hamid Second.
For they will gayly light on him
As on the worm the jay lights—
Yea, out of him in manner grim
They'll knock the blooming daylights.

Let's hope that they'll unbeard his chin
And dance upon his turban
And make him skip as if to win
The Derby or Suburban.
Oh, may he fly at such a rate
That no big telescope'll
Locate him as he clears the gate
Of old Constantinople.

E. K. MUNKITTRICK.